

PS

3158

W565

B6



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 3158

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf .W 565 B6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

14965

BOHÈME

BY

CHARLES STUART WELLES

A loving couple, man and wife,
Along a devious pathway plodding !
Such shall thy scutcheon be, ah ! Life,—
Thought I, as after luncheon nodding
Under the hedge.



NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
182 FIFTH AVENUE

1878

1777

PS 3158
W565B6

COPYRIGHT BY
C. S. WELLES
1877

À PARIS

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
BOHÈME	7
THE BOOK OF LIFE	13
THREE SONGS	16
JANUARIUS REX	18
COURAGE	19
MAY MORNING	21
HEARTS-EASE	22
A FLIRTATION	23
WITH MY PICTURE	24
WITH SOME PANSIES	25
A DESCRIPTION	26
CHRISTINE	28
ANONYME	29
UN SOUVENIR DE PARIS	30
THE LILY AND THE VIOLETS	31
THE VOICE OF DUTY	32
THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP	32
CONTENT	33
LOVE IS A FAY	34

CONTENTS.

A STATUETTE	36
A VALENTINE	37
TO MY LOVE	38
SERENADE SONG	40
AN OLD BOUQUET	42
ROSES	42
THE BLOSSOM	44
OCTOBER	45
THE DREAM	47
LAUS SALUTIS	48
TO A FRIEND	49
MONACO	50
THE SELF-MADE WORM	52
A BEAUTIFUL MORNING	54
THE CLOUD	55
THE RAIN	56
VALE, MEA	57
TWILIGHT	58
EVENING	60
REVERIE	61
A WOUNDED SPIRIT WHO CAN BEAR	63
A PRAYER	65
BORN TO THE PURPLE	67
IN MEMORIAM	68
L'ENVOI	70

BOHÊME

Le poëte est semblable aux oiseaux de passage,
Qui ne bâtissent point leur nids sur le rivage,
 Qui ne se posent point sur les rameaux des bois ;
Nonchalamment bercés sur le courant de l'onde,
Ils passent en chantant loin des bords, et le monde
 Ne connaît rien d'eux que leur voix.

—*Lamartine.*

To Tragedy her coronet !
To Comedy her flowers !
Nor envy either we, fair friend,
No envious mood is ours ;
For the tragic crown is weary,
And the flowers forget their glee—
So trip we on our even way,
Bohemia's children we !

Bohemia's children we, and love
Her free range, fondly glad ;
She laughs when life is merry,
And she sighs when love is sad—
So well she loves her mood of song,
Be fortune dark or fair,
No hollow sound of mockery
In her free voice is there !

Nor Tragedy, nor Comedy,
But goodly Life, sing we :
Be ours a modest love—be ours
Love's round of Melody !
No crowns bear heavy on our heads,
No dead flowers mock our mirth ;
But blithely trip we on our way—
Bohemians of Earth !

P O E M S

Chanter, rire, pleurer, seul, sans but, au hasard ;
D'un sourire, d'un mot, d'un soupir, d'un regard
Faire un travail exquis, plein de crainte et de charme,
Faire une perle d'une larme,
Du poète ici-bas voilà la passion,
Voilà son bien, sa vie et son ambition.

—*Alfred de Musset.*

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

In balmy days I wander forth
To some vine trellised nook,
Amid whose leaves life's wondrous themes
Are writ, in Nature's book.

Ah ! why confine the eager soul
In narrow bounds of life ?—
Why trammel we the budding growth
Of thought, with pruning knife ?

'Twas taught us in our childish years
To glean the page of lore ;
Ah ! had I learned these lessons less,
My life were worth me more.

I had not bartered glowing health
For truth at second rate,
Nor crammed the years in jealous haste
To warp a better fate.

'Twere more to see the welcome sun
Proclaim the Eastern day,
To hear the calm, contented trees
Whisper the hours away ;

'Twere more to breathe the dewy wind
Which wafts its perfume by,
To watch the happy little birds
As merrily they fly.

To pluck the rare and fragrant flower
And study in its face
The animation, perfume, mould,
That fit it for its place ;

'Twere more to be a man of God,
In Nature's honest sense,
'To be that Virtue which declares
Itself life's recompense,

Than teach the heart to be too wise ;
More childlike we would dwell ;
Oh ! better choose the open fields
Of life, and love them well.

For, Oh, this life is like a bridge,
From whose high walls are seen
The beauteous shores, at either hand
The treacherous floods between ;

And he who counts the many stones
Which form the bridge's wall,
May never reach the goodly fields,
Or pass the floods at all.

Ah, life ! which fleeteth near and far,
Hear thou this human sigh :
Oh, child ! that thou wert born to live
When thou art taught to die !

THREE SONGS.

I.

REPOSE.

The shadows of darkness surround me,
While I dream of the beautiful day,
And the mornings a sluggard have found me,
As sleeping and dreaming I lay ;
And I sigh at each thought of awaking
The slumber my being is taking.

Yet I joy that a little while longer
My spirit may blissfully sleep—
May rest, and in resting grow stronger,
A fruitful outstarting to reap.
So I dream while my young years are numbered ;
May I joy that I rested and slumbered !

II.

DESIRE.

Unspeakable longing pervadeth my breast,
As I wake **from my** slumber and rest,
An ineffable yearning, a hope undefined,
Enchanteth my wondering mind ;
And desire searcheth wildly—a sateless behest,
The pursuit of a **phantom** with feverish zest.

Ah, well ! and I think, 'tis unnatural so
To determine existence ; but lo !
Do I turn to the phantom my brother pursues,
It seems only more vague and diffuse.
Oh, my friend, dost thou fashion thee ghosts in the
sun—
In the dark of death's dungeon, say, will there be
none ?

III.

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

I awoke from the dreaming, the slumber of youth,
I awoke to the day's vivid truth.
I awoke to discover that youth was a dream ;
Ay, and manhood—my manhood did seem
Yet of unstable purpose, unfruitful desire,
And my day dreams sped formless as vapors of
fire.

I awoke ! I awoke ! For my manhood doth seem
No longer the ghost of a dream—
So fiercely I followed each shade to its dell,
And fastened each truth in its well.
Oh friend who would'st capture thy phantom of fate,
Push onward, and boldly—'Tis never too late !

JANUARIUS REX.

A National Toast. Inscribed to Janus, a Latin deity with
two faces, looking forward and behind.

Le Roi est mort ; vive le Roi ! Messieurs,
Come, favor your peace, for the Prince is here !
Sprung from the shroud, sprung from the bier
Of the dead old King—of the dead old year—
Come, favor your peace with the new King !

EIGHTEEN, SEVENTY-SIX !—*Hear, hear !*
ANNO DOMINI !—sounds severe ;
But what does that matter ? His title is clear,
For the crown rolls down to the Prince New Year—
Stand ! fill to the peace of the old King !

Ah ! and you sigh, and what ! even a tear,
As you fill up a toast “To the merry Old Year !”
Bah ! you murder old love in the hurrying cheer
That you halloo aloud for the new to hear—
Down ! down at the feet of the new King !

Down with you, fawning with bend and with leer !
Down with you, sycophant, stifle your fear !
Have care ! whisper lowly your “Happy New Year ;”
And beware ! lest you drown in your crocodile tear—
In the glorious reign of the new King !

COURAGE.

Hurrah ! my brave lad,
To your work with a will ;
There are worlds yet to conquer,
Fames yet to fulfill !
What ! can't you be Cæsar—
You can't be a King ?
Well, be a brave Prince, then,
More glorious thing !

Dare to be honest
And equal and true ;
Dare to be manly
In all that you do—
Ah ! you'd be Shakespeare ?
Well, if you can't sing,
Just deal in plain talk, lad,
A very good thing !

And don't be discouraged,
If weaker ones sneer
At some petty failure ;
But choke back the tear !

Tell them to try it,
And let your words ring
Strong, with faith born
Of a heavenly King !

But let not the weak, lad,
Nourish the pain
If words illy spoken
In vain, in vain—
Speak to each tenderly,
Gentleness brings
Courage, to triumph
In loftier things !

So may all conquer, lad,
Rising amain,
Courageously triumphing
Over all pain—
Brother on brother
Relying must cling ;
Each to each other
A Prince, not a King !

MAY MORNING.

Never great Phœbus, proud father of light,
Though his glorious presence all time doth adorn,
From the blushing repose of the hymen of night,
Ushers forth fairer child than this gentle May
Morn !

Come, pet May Morning, in roseate calm—
Come, when life's hoar frosts mine aged eyes
dim —
I would sing cheerfully May Morning's psalm
With grey December's sad evening hymn !

HEARTS-EASE.

Whom may I love?—shall my love be
This lowly flower so near to me,

Or, as I rise in loftier pride,
May I not win some courtly bride?

Once I was young and love was free,—
Oh, had this flower bloomed then for me!

But now I'm grown so high and tall,
I see rich fruits hang from the wall;

I see rare flowers in windows wide;
Ay! but a world sees these beside.

For other stalks, as tall as I,
May peer within these windows high.

Ah! pretty flower, close by my side,
Forgive my slight, forgive my pride—

That thou shouldst bloom for me alone!
Oh! love's conceit is all its own.

A FLIRTATION.

Sweet maid, with eyes of softest brown,
From thy high windows looking down,
Need'st fear not thou the stranger guest
Who probes thy glance with tender quest !

Oh ! know'st thou, Love, the reason why
This power Divine gleams in thine eye,
That every glance from eyes of thine,
Awakes responsive fires in mine ?

Known language of kin souls that meet—
E'en from the first, communion sweet
Between them dwells and that fond hour
Forever re-asserts its power.

O glowing orbs of mellow light,
Whose beaming glances glad my sight,
Why look down from thy windows high
With love's fire beaming from thine eye ?

Why peer into my heart of hearts,
Why pierce me with thy burning darts,
Why wake to life this gentle flame
In one who ne'er may breathe thy name ?

“Auf wiedersehen !” Sweet maiden, thou
Hast looked into my heart, I trow !
Thou’lt haunt me till the day I die—
Ah cruel tender, soft brown eye !

WITH MY PICTURE.

Oh place it in a pretty frame,
Upon your mantle shelf !
Then kiss it once for me, my flame,
Then—kiss it for yourself.

WITH SOME PANSIES.

Although every verdant rhymers,
Who commends himself as poet,
Thinks to add a charm of music
To his flowers ; but don't do it—
Still I've gathered, too, a bouquet
For a lady, made of Pansies,
And a same infatuation
Flatters me to write some stanzas.

For I fain would please my lady ;
But yet not as they,—I know 'em,
Who have sent her fewer flowers
And an awful lot of poem—
I would have her smile on Charlie,
Not as through a shower of stanzas,
But as on a little rhymers
With an awful power of Pansies !

A DESCRIPTION.

My Love shall be a Lady born
Who would in full possess my heart,
And she'll my love with love adorn
And love me wholly, not in part ;
For we might sorry, sorry be,
If less love fell to her and me.

My Love shall own a form of grace,
That grace Love-Artist pines to win—
The animated form and face
That breathes of heart and soul within.
So shall my own Love truly be
A goddess which enchanteth me.

My Love shall mass her wealth of hair
O'er fairest brow, and glowing cheek
Fresh tinted by the woodland air
With blushes playing hide and seek ;
And these, rare charms, shall surely be
Sweet bonds endearing her to me.

My Love shall look from deep, deep eyes—
Wide, open orbs, with drooping lash ;
Her loving glances meet replies
Shall send me, gleaming flash for flash.
Sweet, sweet communings these shall be,
Unto my Lady-Love and me.

My Love two ruby lips shall own,
As ruby-red as red can be ;
Their nectar, sipped by me alone,
Shall prove the love she bears for me.
Her lips the seal of love shall be
To bind her evermore to me.

My Love shall own all these beside :
White, glistening teeth, a taper chin,
A brow, without, both full and wide,
A cultivated mind within ;—
Sweet Paragon of Love, ah ! me,
May I not prove unworthy thee !

CHRISTINE.

A FAREWELL.

Thy love I may not win—
Thy heart thou canst not give ;
Yet in thy smile I live,
Christine !

Smile on me, then, my queen—
Thy smile thou mayst bestow,
Ere from thy side I go,
Christine !

Ere lone I go, Christine,
Far, far away from thee,
Smile yet again, on me—
Christine !

Ah ! thou art fond, I ween,
Of one who may no more
Thy very smile adore—
Christine !

ANONYME.

So gently fell her words
 Upon my charmé ear,
'Twas like a song of birds
 Unconsciously we hear.

So calmly fell her gaze
 Upon my wondering eyes,
'Twas like a misty haze
 That veils the summer skies.

So lightly fell her hand
 Upon my open palm,
'Twas like a fairy's wand
 Dispensing heavenly balm.

So softly fell her sigh
 Upon my tender heart,
I did not say good-bye ;
 I could not bear to part.

So like a dream, yet real,
 That hour fell on my life,
I cannot wake to feel
 She is another's wife.

UN SOUVENIR DE PARIS.

"On ne badine pas avec l'amour."—*French Play*.

Oh ! to the souvenir—Oh ! to the land ;
Oh ! to those moments of soft allure ;
Ah ! little angel, whose ruthless hand
Pointeth this moral of love's demand—
On ne badine pas avec l'amour !

Oh ! to love's musing ; and oh ! to the maid ;
Oh ! the low whisper, confidingly pure
Of one whose image may never fade,
Whose voice remaineth, yet as it said—
On ne badine pas avec l'amour !

Oh ! to the sisterhood fates—a sigh ;
Oh ! to the bosoms whose sighs endure ;
Hear to the voices of grief which fly
Beseeching of heaven that Love might die—
On ne badine pas avec l'amour !

Ah ! little cupid, thy sportful test
Speedeth its arrow too swiftly sure ;
How hast thou wounded a tender breast,
With this thy wanton and harrowing jest—
On ne badine pas avec l'amour !

THE LILY AND THE VIOLETS.

A FABLE.

A Lily bloomed in a gardener's bed
Of Hearts-Ease and sweet Violets shy,
And nodded her queenly and graceful head
In arch conceit, to the passers-by.

And one reached over ; who longed to clasp
This fair, white lily, which bowed away
Her supple bosom beyond his grasp—
In fickle breezes which blew that day.

Ah ! the free winds of destiny freshen at will !
And the stranger, aweary, went humming a song ;
And the breezes kept blowing and blowing, until—
The pale Lily wearied, with bowing so long.

Then the shy, modest Violets whispered together :
'Tis nice—being little ; for no one may blame
Us, with flirting ; and all the wild weather,
Which blows by, shall leave us—forever the same.

THE VOICE OF DUTY.

The voice of duty calls me
From cherished dreams of pleasure ;
And duty thus enthralls me,
Yet yields me up a treasure.

It whispers : find together
Thy pleasure in thy duty,
And Life shall be forever
A thing of joy and beauty.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

Flowers, blooming in a day,
Pale ere night in mild decay ;
But there is a sturdy flower,
Which blooms long—yet in the hour
Fades, to mock whose wanton knife
Plucks it from its fruitful life—
Friendship is a flower to prize ;
For, if broken, it soon dies.

CONTENT.

Hast never thou, dear friend, an earnest faith
That some long loved ideal shall prove true ?
Sometimes my soul longs for some nameless thing,
Until I think it even must be real ;
For my heart faints beneath its wild desire.
But then I say unto my fainting heart :
Thou hast not lived this other, wondrous dream
Life holds for thee. Look up, courageous soul,
It is too soon to die, of heart ache, child !
And then I look, to rest my tired eyes,
Upon this nearer world of loveliness—
When lo ! e'en as they drooped 'mid other scenes
Do they forget them, in these joys ; and rise
To idolize a worthier counterpart,
Which yields yet fondly back, with lingering look
From loving eyes to loving eyes, more love
To feast upon, until—Love is content.

LOVE IS A FAY.

Love is a Fairy, child ! love was a star ;
In heaven's bright Eden this star was a twin,
And stars are Fairies ;—roaming afar,
Love strayed unto Earth and was welcomed in,

Love is a Fay who thus chanced upon Earth,
Forgetting his way in the boundless blue ;
His soul-lit glances speak his birth,
As, eager, he wanders the wide world through,

Wanders forever, yet may not find
That other love which was all to him,
That other Fay whom he left behind,
Yet is ever before him in distance dim.

Searching he looks, with his heavenly art,
In each maiden's eyes till a luminous light
Illumines their lives and each tender heart
Glows ever true, like a star of night.

Ever he wanders and never grows old ;
And never a maiden escapes a day
When, however disguised, his glances bold
Shall change her into a loving Fay.

Happy the maiden who learns to know
When the Fay is disguised in a true lover's breast !
And happy the hero whose loving eyes glow
With the luminous light of a Fay possessed !

A STATUETTE.

Worn and downcast, sorrow laden,
Lonely in a foreign land,
Found I this pale, love-lorn maiden
Prostrate in the desert sand.
Why this lingering fate, we wonder—
Doth this live that man may know
Love was even crushed asunder,
In those ages long ago ?

Yet though crushed and long forsaken,
Love is fair as purest snow,
And its firm heart lives, unshaken
By the rude weight of its woe ;
And though weary and neglected,
Love hath lines thou knowst not of—
Hast ne'er found thine own dejected,
Waiting statuette of Love !

A VALENTINE.

I.

When she, for whom I write, has heard
The fairest thought I may express—
Fond thought, clothed in the simple dress
Of one sweet word,

May peace be her's ! And peace be thine,
As e'en comes to some love-lorn bird
With errant mate, sweet little word,—
Bird valentine !

II.

Go to her—as the leaflet flies
To earth's warm, welcoming bosom, where
It finds contented peace ; and there
Forever lies—

Or, as a feather from above
Speeds on light zephyrs to the breast
Of some fair lake, to float at rest ;
Go ! sweet word—Love.

TO MY LOVE,

AT THE TRYSTING PLACE,

Not for a price I sing,
Nor yet to fleeting fame,
Only for thee I form—
For thee I need not name—
Such joy a song may bring
To thy heart, pulsing warm !

Unto thy gentle voice
I modulate this song—
Unto thee only might
My heart its theme prolong,
In sounds of sweetest choice,
To win back wild delight !

Under our Tryst I pine,
Sweet Love, and sing to thee
In lone and quiet mood,
So sing, my Love, to me—
Sing only song of mine
In thy heart's solitude !

Sing thou to me alone !
In solitude compose,
Sweet Love, thy tuneful voice—
Only thy fond heart knows
Measures that mine hath known,
Who bids thy love rejoice !

So breathe back to my heart
Music to measure mine,—
Thou, whom my soul reveres !
Lonely for thee I pine ;
Only thy matchless art
Can charm away my fears !

SERENADE SONG.

How softly sounds my sweet guitar,
As o'er the silvery lake I glide
Beneath the favorite, love-lit star
Of summer time and evening tide !
How clear the night, how cool the air ;
No lowering clouds this evening mar ;
Thou moon how bright, and oh ! how fair—
How softly sounds my sweet guitar !

CHORUS.

My sweet guitar ! my sweet guitar !
How softly sounds my sweet guitar !

My slight canoe is wafted far
Before the gentle summer breeze ;
Along the shore my sweet guitar
Awakes an echo 'mid the trees—
Faint echoes of low sounds, that are
Sweet answering voices to my soul—
Awake ! thou soul of my guitar,
Thy sweetest strains of oriole !

CHORUS.

Awake, fond soul of my guitar,
Thy sweetest strains of oriole !

O thou, whose echoing tones rejoice
My spirit worshipping afar,
To thee I lift my trembling voice,
For thee I tune my sweet guitar !
For thee, sweet love, my waiting boat
Drifts idly 'neath love's guiding star ;
Sweet love ! breathe low each answering note—
Breathe softest tones, my sweet guitar !

CHORUS.

My sweet guitar ! my sweet guitar !
Breathe softest tones, my sweet guitar !

AN OLD BOUQUET.

Though the flowers wither, love,
 Other flowers as fair
Grow upon the heather, love,
 To adorn thy hair ;
To adorn thy bosom, love,
 Than whose tender blush
Never flower yet hath blown
 With a daintier flush !

Though the flowers wither, love,
 When their scent has died
We will gather fresher flowers,
 To adorn thy pride ;
But when chilling winter, love,
 Summer flowers shall doom,
Thou shalt bloom yet daintily—
 For thy lover bloom !

Though the flowers wither, love,
 Listlessly depart,
Thou shalt bloom, thyself a flower.
 Fragrant as thou art ;

Blushing as a fresh rose, love,
In the morning light,
Pure as waxen cereus,
Blossoming at night !

Though the flowers wither, love,
Budding hopes arise
Whispering that a Spring of Love
Shall delight thine eyes—
Bend thy fond eyes nearer, then,
With thy gentle art,
And rare flowers of love shall bloom
For thee, in my heart !

ROSES.

No chaplet but roses my darling shall wear.
Roses and roses and roses rare—
Roses of white in her raven hair ;
Roses of red on her bosom fair ;
Roses and roses and roses rare—
My darling's a rose, and the posies declare
That roses can only with roses compare ;
So no wreath but roses my darling shall wear.

THE BLOSSOM.

AN ALLEGORY.

There are fruits which wither upon the stem—
And these are maidens, whose love is strong,
And pure and loyal; who suffer so long
For their faith in men, that they die for them.

There are fruits which mellow to rot again—
And these are harlots, whom fateful gales
Have tempest-tossed, till resistance fails
And they fall in the wiling of pitiless men.

There are fruits which ripen in harvest time—
And these are women, whose budding flower
Doth bloom to full being in love's own bower;
To be culled in the might of a lover's prime.

Oh ! these flowers e'en may wither in long despair,
Or, ruthlessly shaken, prostrate them there;
But the blossom which buddeth, ripe fruit to bear—
This, this *were* a flower to watch, and wear !

OCTOBER.

October days are fair, Sweet-Heart,
The rarest of our year ;
Too soon the gorgeous hours depart—
Fresh tinted by God's beauteous art,
Too soon they disappear !

Alas ! swift life, e'en all too soon
Spring's girlish charms were flown—
The glorious bloom of flowery June,
'Neath Summer's roseate high-noon
Too speedily was blown !

For yet not June with maiden air
Might reign, love's courtly queen ;
But thou, October ! thy gold hair
Doth crown thee Woman, passing fair,
Aye ! passionate, I ween.

Though day-fires burn thy gold hair dun
And moon-beams pale thy brow,
Aurora, dipping in the sun,
Yet tips thy breasts and lips, Fond One,
More red than ever now !

More ripe, more full thy pulses flush
 With passion, Love, and pride ;
While yet mine own veins, mantling, rush
In answerment—'tis but the blush
 Of modest love, my bride !

Of strong love, earnest love, I ween !
 More fair love's radiant charms
Are grown to fullest joys serene,
When nestles Summer's maiden queen
 In Autumn's princely arms.

THE DREAM.

A halo of glorious gratification
Comes in a vision, of light and elation—
Came to me burning with fever and craving,
Came to me mad with delirious raving.

I dreamed I was frenzied of Love, I was lying
Numbed to despair, and forsaken, and dying
Alone,—No ! demons were there and they bade me
Quaff to the fill of the liquor they made me.

'Twas drugged ; and like pitch in the heat of the
burning,
Séethed my hot blood with unspeakable yearning,
When lo ! the still voice of repose whispered lowly ;
Peace shall be unto thee—peace, calm and holy !

Sweetly this angel of Love smiled before me,
Softly her mantle of peace fluttered o'er me ;
Fading the night, all its demons departed,
Bright beams a morrow upon the sad-hearted !

Sleeping I dreamed ; do I dream in awaking—
What is it comes to me with the morn breaking ?
Sleeping I dreamed that Love fell from her sphere ;
Waking I dream that my darling is here.

LAUS SALUTIS.

A NOON-DAY HYMN.

There is a calm which health alone bestows—
A genial calm which virtue only knows—
A glorious sense of freedom, in repose.

'Tis not the day-noon sleep which triumpheth—
The dumb quiescence of abated breath
Because of gluttony ; for this is Death.

It is that peaceful Life the sunlight feels,
While softly forth its gentle spirit steals
Into creation ; and new life reveals.

Health is To Be—the goodly latitude
Of universal love and gratitude—
The blissful sense of God's beatitude—

The glowing sense of fitness for the task
Of living—aye ! of dying ; nor doth ask
Abatement, controversy, or a mask.

Oh God ! who teachest men as men to be,
We have our goodly health and love in Thee—
Our joys, delights in Thy complacency !

TO A FRIEND,

ABOUT BEGINNING A LONG VOYAGE.

If it were only attuning choice measures
In metrical cadence to gladden the ear,
That were sweet pleasure—my memory treasures
Melodies still it might please thee to hear,

But now it is more than a pleasure, again
To awaken my lyre to its tenderest art ;
For unto a measure of music I fain
Would sing thee a sentiment fresh from my heart :

Though, in life's currents, familiar forms vanish,
And toward nearer objects our new courses tend,
Yet may this absence our Friendship not banish
From fond recollection, my darling old friend !

MONACO;

OR THE GAME OF LIFE.

As the last wagers are being placed upon the gaming tables of Monaco, as at Baden-Baden, immediately before the turning of the roulette-wheel the croupier cries :

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

This signifies that *that game is finished*, and the players must abide its issues before staking again. It is a monotonous dirge, and to many grimly emblematic of the occasion of its use.

I.

The game of life is a droll affair,

To these merry-go-rounders of roulette and loo ;
Yet grave is the dole of that monotone air—

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

“The game is finished !”—ah, sad refrain

That, plaintive, echoes the wide world through !
Hush ! hush to the sorrow that shrieks in vain—

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

II.

Hot youth is there, with its quick blood red ;

Cool age is there, with its thin veins blue ;

And ever the same song-sermon is said—

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

Ah ! the song and the sermon are ever the same.

The same sad song, and never a new ;

The same gay sermon—a merry game—

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

III.

The swift round circle of fate is spun,

For Life or Despair—but a moment, or two !

Then the echo falls back from that Victory won—

Le jeu est fait ; rien ne va plus !

But the Failure—ah ! brother, hast fallen so low

Thou dost stoop to these alms ? Aye ! 'tis even
true :

Bah ! “ Lend me a shilling, I've LOST ? ” ah ! NO.—

LE JEU EST FAIT ; RIEN NE VA PLUS !

THE SELF-MADE WORM.

I brought my grist from the little stone mill,
Which nestles so cozily under the hill,
And sings its own song to the rhyme of the rill ;
While the creaking old wheel beats the time with
a will.

I sifted the meal from the freshly ground grain,
And I said : I will make me some bread, for my
brain.
Thence I made it, and ate it, and flourished amain,
And I kept a small leaven to make it again.

Then I thought I might style me a self-made man,
For didn't I sift the meal from the bran ?
Well, I went soon again, as the swift mornings ran,
And bless me ! what think you I found in the pan ?

Why, only some worms ; and one ugly, fat worm,
Down under the meal. Gad ! how he did squirm
At the touch, and he spoke—that he spoke I affirm ;
For I heard him quite plainly. And thus spoke
the worm :

You think I am little, O short-sighted man !

And you feel very big, as a man's feeling goes ;
Yet you greatly mistake, if you think that you can
Thus, with impunity, tickle my toes.

I'm a self-made worm. And I yield me to none,
Dwell they high in the sky or low under the sea ;
For there is no family under the sun,
With such a pedigree--worms though we be.

We are self-made worms--ha ! ha ! to exist
Forever and ever ; what, ho ! you affirm
Your wee genius--hold ! mark me, the gist
Of a self-made man is a little white worm !

And when your wee year, in Death's visiting round,
Shall have paid you the grace of its grim caravan,
I will tickle your toes in your home underground--
Ha ! Ha ! you have seen your own ghost Mr.
Man !

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—*Virgil*,

Oh, never the sky so sweetly blue,
Nor ever the red sun's disc so bright,
Oh, never the morning with roseate hue
Enchanteth my spirit with cheerier light !

Glad life is glowing ! though sin be sad
When the beaming sky is all so blue ;
For men are weary, as men are glad,
When cometh the morning with roseate hue,

And the sun shall beam with as happy a face,
When I am stricken with gloom and pain ;—
But I'll think of this hour in its beautiful grace,
And press back my sorrow and grief again,

THE CLOUD.

Ruddy day is dying ;
Breezes, softly sighing,
 Soothe the air ;
Golden leaves are gleaming—
Sunset rays are beaming
 Everywhere ;
But yon dark cloud, flying
O'er the fair land lying,
 Ah, so bright !
Darkens soon the golden
Sunset glow beholden,—
 E'en as night ;
And chill, sombre sadness
Palls upon the gladness
 Of the hour.
Ay ! but see, descending—
The dry Earth befriending—
 A sweet shower.
Shall not, thus, befitting
Tears come, kindly flitting
 All lives o'er ?
Drink ! sad Heart confiding—
In God's love abiding,
 Sigh no more !

THE RAIN.

A REQUIEM.

Drip ! drip ! drip !
Dreary rain !
Still, the slow drops slip
Down the window pane.

Dead ! dead ! dead !
Even hope !
O'er a lonely bed
Blooms a grassy slope,
And the ripe showers start
From the floods above—
So my tearful heart
Weeps its buried love.

Weep ! weep ! weep !
Weary tears !
So wan memories creep
Down the darkling years.

VALE, MEA!

Why dost thou leave me,
O why thus depart,
Thou who art dearer
Than life to my heart?
Why dost thou leave me
Deserted, alone—
Hie to the winds, love,
Hear how they moan!

Like the wild winds, love,
Wailing at night,
Groaning and moaning
I long for the light—
Light of my life, love,
Fading away,
Why dost thou leave me
To long for the day!

TWILIGHT.

The kindly sun beams through the mist
With features bright,
As gallantly he stoops to kiss
The world good night ;
And leaves me in the twilight gray,
In errant mood—
A weary pilgrim, seeking calm
In solitude !
My heart, so tired within me, seemed
To plead for this ;
To glide among my favored haunts
And know the bliss
Of indolence, as in life's boat
I drift and think :
How merciful, that wavering souls
Upon the brink
Of sorrow, may thus turn to Thee
Oh God !—heart-calm
To seek, reposing at Thy shrines !
Not church with psalm ;
But at Thy sectless altars, spread
All o'er the earth,
Where all may kneel to bless Thee that
Thou gav'st them birth !

May bless Thee that 'mid anxious doubts,
And woes they feel,
This thing they know ; that unto each
Thou dost reveal
Thy love, in earth's minutest charms !
So, floating on,
Past stately pines and cedars tall,
I see, anon,
This weary willow bending down
To cheer some chill
And nestling shrub, for they are friends
In sadness still !
Green ivies, arm in loving arm,
Strong trees entwine !
Sweet violets, in courtship with
Each languid vine,
Upon their soft and mossy bed
Of love recline !
All nature hath her friendships still—
As I have mine :
For newly beautiful life seems
Now, to my soul !
Like these scenes mirrored in the lake—
A perfect whole !

EVENING.

In Heaven fair Luna, Queen mother of light,
Sits, robed in her favorite silver and white ;

And, far through the limitless, bright-starréd blue,
Her brilliant effulgence expandeth my view.

Oh, Infinite space,—in those fathomless skies
What measureless thought of Eternity lies !

What glorious thought of that wonderful deep
Lifts outward my vision from Earth's fevered sleep ?

I think of that evening thus wondrously bright,
Spell-bound—as an endless and beautiful night,

When Life shall thus slumber in calm ne'er to cease
And dream the great dream of that Heaven of peace !

REVERIE.

Cosily reposing, brother,
By the calm hearth's cheery blaze,
Fancy pictures many another
Golden scene of brighter days :
Fancy pictures many another
Silvery scene from memory's page—
Golden scenes of youth, my brother,
Silvery scenes of honored age !

Mark the gorgeous spirit glowing
In yon dark and gloomy frame !
Know'st thou not that life's outgoing
Fleeteth as this flickering flame ?
Aye, thine own prevision, roaming
With each errant gleam of light,
Courteth lovingly the gloaming
And the mystery of night !

Oh, while yet fond fancies nourish
Fairest dreams in length displayed,
Bright life's glowing embers flourish
But to flicker, faint and fade—

Leaving many a scene unpainted,
Many a promise unfulfilled,
When the fertile brain hath fainted
And the fiery heart is chilled !

Ay ! even thus life's dream doth find us,
With the golden genial glow
Of youth but reverie behind us
And our fires fast waning low !
Even thus—wan mysteries, shading
Dreaming eyes with shadowy hands ;
Wandering starlets, dimly fading
Into distant wonder lands !

A WOUNDED SPIRIT WHO CAN BEAR.

A wounded spirit who can bear—
Who may yet death's portal dare ?
 When woe's sorrows gloom life's path,
 What soul its requital hath ?
Ah ! who can brave th' insidious thrust,
Which wounds a spirit's holiest trust—
 When fondest hope resolves to air,
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

A wounded spirit who can bear—
Oh ! when the dreams of Earth were fair,
 Oh ! when the tongues of men were rife
 With praise of an unbroken life,
Ah, when then falls the cruel frost !
When Genius palls— love's labor lost,
 Oh God ! when none this blow may share,
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

A wounded spirit who can bear—
Hurt unto death, as a wounded hare
 It glideth away, to hide its shame
 Where none may know it—even its name.

So wouldst thou creep to the welcome fire
Bearing with thee thy broken lyre ;
Dumb is thy heart in its chill despair—
Thy wounded spirit no more may bear !

A wounded spirit who can bear—
Lo ! but the promise of God is fair :
Come unto me—thou faithful one,
Whose weary courses are even run !
Lo ! but the portal of death is grand
With visions bright of that heavenly land,
Courage ! A haven of peace is there—
Whose wounded spirit no more may bear !

A PRAYER.

Though cheerful flowers of brightest dye
Perchance might deck my dungeon tomb,
I should not less uneasy lie
Within that dark and haunted room—
There, where no light of heaven can fall
Athwart the dumb crypt's dreadful gloom ;
But where the worms about you crawl,
The ghosts of an untoward doom !

No, I should rise to haunt the day,
The day or night of such as dared,
Thus, coldly, bury me away
In a damp grave by goblins shared ;
For there are ghosts who will not stay
Within the tombs where demons dwell,
Where ghoulish vipers on them prey—
If hell there be, then this were hell !

Give me to fade in air away,
A spirit to its spirit doom—
Give to this corse of cheerless clay
A glorious pyre that shall consume
All mortal mould, from whence I may
Ascend in light and airy bloom—
Speed, speed me on my heavenly way,
And save me from the loathsome tomb !

BORN TO THE PURPLE.

The heart of a giant Norway Pine
Glow on my hearth with its dying flame
But who shall say that this heart of mine
Is not ennobled by its shame ?

For thus doth the weakest, homeliest thing
Beam with glories the blind might see ;
And thus even I find voice to sing
That which the pine-log sings to me.

For Oh ! the great voice of my Norway fire
Doth teach thee, whosoe'er thou art :
Mayst thou, too, chant from thy gorgeous pyre
In the glowing pride of as full a heart !

Mayst thou, too, merit thy purple robe—
Fit cerement for thee who, dying, sings !
Thou art the royal spirit of a globe ;
And in the pride of heart all may be Kings !

IN MEMORIAM.

Although it be not ours to grace
 With rarest flowers this friend so dear
Still we who loved him fain would place
 Some flowers upon his honored bier.

For rarest flowers not always prove
 Immortal wreaths for whom they bloom ,
The bitter tears of constant love
 Fall oftener on the flowerless tomb.

Yet while the heart is weighted low
 With grief for him we may not seek ;
And while the voice is freighted so
 With choking sobs, it cannot speak ;

Still might we weave, with loving touch,
 A simple crown of wayside flowers—
He loved familiar forms so much
 He would not spurn this wreath of ours

His life, so full of homely tasks,
No sordid pride nor impulse knew ;
His was the love which only asks
True love again, brave heart, how true !

So do we love him still in death—
The genial soul who knew no wrong ;
He smiles, as though with dying breath
He blessed our loving flowers of song.

Peace, brother, by Affection blest !
Beside thy pyre we kneel to pray
That thou, whose spirit is at rest,
Wilt lead us in the perfect way !

L'ENVOI.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT

Not giants all—
Whose blunt nibs scrawl
Life's pages, crossed again
And pointed with worn pen !

Nor pigmies still—
Whose faint strokes fill
Spare lines, so finely spun
They scarcely seem begun !

But hast thou wrought
One shapely thought,
Or yet one sentient deed—
Sown one enduring seed—

Blest be thy wit,
Which hallows it !
Praise God, who gives it birth—
This heavenward flight of earth !

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 052 7